

TWO OFFER FULL CONFESSION; ROSE HELD AS GAMBLER'S SLAYER

WEATHER—Showers probable to-night or Friday.

NIGHT
EDITION.

The



World.

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EDITION.

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SWARTZ ENDS LIFE BY GAS, HAUNTED BY FEAR OF CHAIR FOR KILLING CONNORS GIRL

Leaves a New Confession at the
Chrystie Street House in Which
He Had Been Living—Relatives
Identify Body.

Nathan Swartz, murderer of Julia Connors, has defeated justice. Driven insane by fear and remorse, the monster fulfilled the wish of his father and committed suicide by inhaling gas early to-day in a little hall room on the fourth floor of No. 219 Chrystie street, next door to a house in which he lived two years ago. A tube, still pouring out gas, lay on the bed beside him, and death had taken place hours before he was found.

The haunting fear of capture and swift execution drove him to the act. A confession as peculiar as the misbegotten life he led, written by the tipper on a soiled linen collar and scrap of paper, showed that he died repentant, raving with fear and self-loathing. Alone, friendless, hunted on every side, with certain capture staring him ever in the face, the murderer obeyed the last command of his father, and ended his life.

The discovery of the body at first brought no thought of Nathan Swartz. But an Evening World reporter found the soiled collar and scraps of paper and notified Police Headquarters.

SWARTZ BOUGHT HIDING PLACE ON EAST SIDE.

Then the identification was speedily made by his brother and father. A week ago last Monday, one day after the discovery of the body of Julia Connors, hacked and ripped and bundled into a wooden box in a little room in the Bronx, Nathan Swartz came to No. 219 Chrystie street. A sign outside told him there were rooms to let. Max Kaplan on the fourth floor had a single small room, but did not like the looks of the applicant. The youth became impatient, however, and Kaplan let him have the room. He said he was a cutter for ladies' waists and wanted to be awakened at 8 A. M. every day.

"I didn't like his appearance," said Kaplan, "but I let him have the room. He told me he was twenty-two years old, and that his name was Max Hirschowitz. Since he came, ten days ago, he had gone every morning at a little after 8 o'clock, returning at night. He seemed very quiet and quiet."

"Wednesday he told me he had a job washing dishes from 6 in the morning to 10 at night. Yesterday he stayed in all day burning the gas. I spoke to him and he told me he would pay," said Kaplan. "You will have to get out. You are laying up in bed instead of working. All day he peeped out of the door and was covered with sweat and trembled. But I thought it was because he could not pay and thought I would put him out. He looked so poor that I decided to let him stay. He told me he had given his last ten cents to his little brother the day before because he did not want to see the little fellow hungry. Afterwards he said something about giving him the money so that he would not tell where he was."

To-day he did not appear and Kaplan went to his room. Kaplan is a shirt-waist tucker and must get to work early. He wondered why the lodger was not up. Repeated responses on the door brought no response, so

(Continued on Second Page)

TAFT BOMB PLOT WAS A "PLANT" ON GREEN REPORTER

Hazed on His First White House
Assignment, He Got In-
fernal Machine Story.

WITH FULL DETAILS.

Newspaper Men Who Hoaxed
Him Tried to Stop Yarn but
It Spread Over Country.

WASHINGTON, July 18.—A little hazing stunt meted out last night to a "green" reporter on the White House "beat" by several veteran newspaper men to-day resulted in a countrywide scare that an attempt had been made on President Taft's life through an infernal machine. The new reporter walked into the press room of the Executive Office to be met with the query: "Did you get that infernal machine story?"

The reporter said he didn't and the hoax manufacturer told him a remarkable yarn, with all the picturesque details. Finally, because the green reporter got so visibly excited they told him it was a joke.

STORY SOON SPREAD THROUGH-
OUT COUNTRY.

But the report that such an attempt had actually been made nevertheless spread throughout the country. The well-known habit of the Secret Service to hush up all such stories, coupled with what seemed to be the mysterious and persistent denial of all officials that they had heard of the attempt—the usual diplomatic way here of evading the issue, led a number of newspaper men to assist in spreading the report.

The White House was literally deluged with demands for information. All sorts of wild rumors cropped up. One story had it that it wasn't an explosive in the "infernal box" but a deadly gas.

The original story of the bomb plot was that the machine arrived at the White House yesterday morning and was left on Assistant Secretary Allen's desk. When Allen opened it, the report averred, he found a burning fuse, which he smothered with his hand. Later, according to the story, Secret Service officials found the package contained six or eight pounds of high explosive.

"ABSURD," IS WHITE HOUSE
ANSWER TO REPORT.

At the White House to-day newspapermen were asked to give publicity to the declaration that the White House did not desire to dignify such an absurd report with an official denial.

The clerk who sorts the White House correspondence asserted that no such package had been delivered either by express or mail.

The clerk at the Washington post-office who handles all the Executive mail declared that no box had been delivered there during the last two days. Chief Wilkie of the secret service emphatically denied the story, as did all the guards at the White House.

RYAN'S DOUGHBAG WAS OPENED FOR PARKER CAMPAIGN

Sheehan Quizzed by Senators
Says Thomas F. Gave Gen-
erously to Fund in 1904.

TELLS HOW CASH WENT

Of \$1,000,000 Contributed
Some Was Sent Into Maine
and West With Good Effect.

WASHINGTON, July 18.—The Democratic fund contained about \$1,000,000 when Alton B. Parker ran for President in 1904, according to W. F. Sheehan of New York, who testified to-day before the Senate Committee investigating campaign funds. Mr. Sheehan was then Chairman of the Democratic National Executive Committee. Mr. Sheehan testified that Thomas F. Ryan was a generous contributor to the Parker fund.

Money was sent by the committee, he testified, to Maine, Colorado and Nebraska particularly.

"To Maine, did you say?" asked a Senator.

"Yes, with very gratifying results to the Democrats," replied Mr. Sheehan.

Mr. Sheehan assured the committee that sums sent to Maine, Colorado and Nebraska were not large.

REMEMBERED BELMONT AS A
LARGE CONTRIBUTOR.

"How much was sent to Nebraska?" inquired Senator Oliver.

"I think about \$15,000."

"Mr. Ryan was the candidate for the Senatorship that year, wasn't he?"

"I don't remember exactly; candidates for the Senatorship were not."

"Well, I think he was," interrupted the Pennsylvania Senator.

"Mr. Sheehan says he remembered August Belmont was a large contributor that year and Senator Oliver asked if Thomas F. Ryan was also a contributor in the same campaign. The witness responded that he was."

Mr. Sheehan wanted the committee to understand when he estimated the Democratic fund in 1904 at \$1,000,000 he was not contradicting August Belmont, who "guessed" on the stand that the amount was \$200,000 or \$300,000.

"It is all a matter of memory," insisted Mr. Sheehan. "I think the National Committee used directly about \$500,000. I think there came through the committee some contributions for specific use in New York State. I have an impression that amounted to about \$200,000."

MADE IT A RULE TO TAKE
NO MONEY FROM TRUSTS.

The witness declared the committee made a rule at the beginning of the campaign to accept no money from any trust. He believed no such contributions were made directly or indirectly.

"There was \$10,000 contributed," began Mr. Sheehan. "by the American Sugar Refining Company—not by Mr. Haver."

Mr. Sheehan said he heard about it and it was returned.

Senator Clapp asked the witness for the names of contributors of more than \$5,000.

"I recollect Mr. Belmont chiefly because of his testimony," replied Mr. Sheehan. "I was away up in Maine much of the time and did not have as much to do with the raising of funds."

There were others who contributed more than that sum, but I cannot remember them.

"Who was most active in securing money?"

"Why, Senator, various people were soliciting on their own responsibility. The members of the committee were active. People were circulated. We published requests for funds. Democrats or people interested in the success of the ticket came in to inquire if the check was cashed for them to get out and raise money."

"Did you solicit?"

"Not much. I devoted my energy to other work."

THOUSANDS ATTEND FUNERAL SERVICES OF SLAIN GAMBLER

Crowd Throngs Street and
House as Rosenthal's Body
Lies in Roulette Room.

POLICE ARE ON GUARD.

Motley Line of Former Em-
ployees, Friends and the Cu-
rious Views Body.

Before the final words of the Jewish Reformed ritual for the burial of the dead were said to-day over the body of Herman Rosenthal, between 2,000 and 3,000 people had formed in line in front of the house where the murdered gambler lay, and had filed past the place where the casket stood, flower-banked, in a darkened room.

Then, a select company, composed of Rosenthal's immediate relatives and those few who had remained staunchly his friends during all of his latter troubles, heard the Rev. Samuel Greenfield of the Washington Heights Congregation (Reformed), in his eulogy, compare the slain gambler with King David, who knew not where to lay his head because of his enemies.

Three hours before the funeral service was read by Dr. Greenfield, near noon, West Forty-fifth street, in front of the house at No. 194, was so jammed with people that traffic was shut off at the Sixth avenue crossing. Half a dozen policemen in uniform and an equal number of plain clothes detectives worked hard to push the crowd into some semblance of a line.

WIDGW ORDERS DOORS OF
HOME THROWN OPEN.

At the order of Rosenthal's widow, the doors of the house of death were thrown open to the crowd near 10 o'clock.

It was a strange company. In the line were men who had known Rosenthal when he was a "newsie" just over from Courland, in Russia, and making his precarious way on the streets of a strange city. Others there were who had, at one time or another, been connected with Rosenthal's gambling houses in minor capacities—doormen, cooks or bankers for his games; little men, all, who did not need fear that their one-time connection with the gambler would bring them under police suspicion if they went to pay their final tribute of respect.

From the Hesper Club, over which Rosenthal was once supreme, came a large delegation in carriages, who passed in their places in the line and then remained to be present at the funeral services. There were old Betts, always a sparkling figure at the old Hesper Club ball; Kid Griffin, the prize-fighter; Aaron Hanover, known as the "Mayor of Avenue C"; former Assemblyman Johnny Gundy, Ben Hauptmann, Ike Van Vreer, "Looney" Green and "Billy" Mizner. There were delegations from the Elks' Club and from the Courland Association, a Harlem society of natives of Courland, Rosenthal's birthplace in Russia.

HIS AGED MOTHER DOES NOT
KNOW HE'S DEAD.

All the members of Rosenthal's immediate family except his aged mother, who lives in Borough Park and who does not know yet that her son has been slain, were present at the funeral services, which were long delayed because of the insistence of the crowd to pass the casket.

The dead man's brother, Edward J. Rosenthal, and his four sisters—Mrs. Isadore Menach, Mrs. Samuel Rupp, Mrs. Joseph Immerman and Miss Minnie Rosenthal—supported the widow downstairs from the room above when the funeral services were about to begin.

Mrs. Rosenthal looked once at the face of her husband, then grew hysterical and fainted. She had to be revived by a physician before the services could go on.

The body, followed by a small number of carriages occupied only by immediate members of the family, was taken to Washington Cemetery in Brooklyn for interment.

\$12 Men's Blue Serge Suits, \$5.95

The "XUB" Clothing Store, Broadway, cor. Barclay St., 999 Post-Office, will sell to-day and Friday, 2,000 men's Serge Suits, guaranteed fast color, also large variety of Outing Suits, in light and dark colors; all sizes, 34 to 44; worth \$12 in any other store. Their special price to-day and Friday, \$5.95.

(Continued on Second Page.)

OWNERS OF AUTO USED BY MURDER GANG VOLUNTEER TO BECOME STATE WITNESSES

Man Held for Rosenthal Murder
and One of His Inquisitors



JACK ROSE AND
INSPECTOR HUGHES

Gaynor Scores Becker For Close Association With "Police Briber"

Writes Waldo He Is Amazed That Raider
Should Sit at Dinner With Men of
Rosenthal's Type.

Mayor Gaynor to-day made public a letter written by him to Police Commissioner Waldo yesterday, which resulted in bringing to the Mayor's office to-day the Commissioner and several members of the uniformed staff. The letter follows:

Sir: Please have Lieut. Becker and Policemen James White, Charles Foy and Charles Steinhardt before me at this office at 11 o'clock to-morrow morning. After the precautions we have taken and all we have devised and done to do away with the long-continued and deep-seated grafting in the Police Department it is very discouraging to have even these Rosenthal accusations bandied about.

To be sure, he was a miserable outlaw, against whom you and your predecessors have been continuously contending, but I would have the

Ready to Tell District-Attorney Full
Story of Rosenthal's Death and
Give Names of All Who
Helped Kill Him.

"COLLECTOR" JACK ROSE IS HELD FOR HOMICIDE.

Admits He Hired Car and Rode
With Assassins to Within Half
Block of Scene.

Jack Rose, himself a gambler, and accused by Rosenthal of being a graft collector for Lieut. Charles Becker of the Police Department, was led to-day into making a more or less clean breast of his knowledge of the slaying of Herman Rosenthal to the police and the District-Attorney.

He was followed like a leader of rats out of a rotten ship by Louis Libby and William Shapiro, the two chauffeurs who owned and alternately operated the gray car in which the assassins sought Rosenthal, and in which they ran away after they had shot him to death.

Aaron Levy, counsel for the two automobile men, went before the District-Attorney this afternoon with these statements:

"Neither Libby nor Shapiro has given to the police the names of the men who were in the car before and after the murder. You know they have not given them to you. The names as secured by the police may be right or wrong, but they were not furnished by my clients."

OFFERS FULL CONFESSION AS STATE WITNESSES.

"My clients have not yet told the police and I will not tell the police where the passengers they took from Sharkey's saloon, when the car was ordered by Rose went in the Bronx. The police have learned of one of the places. The changes of passengers, the conversations in the car are known to at least one of my clients. The other has certain corroborative evidence."

"If the State will accept my clients as witnesses they will do everything in their power to help the District Attorney bring the men who killed Herman Rosenthal to justice. Their evidence is necessary; they were themselves innocent of any intent or willingness to commit a crime. It is up to the District-Attorney."

Inspector Hughes said this afternoon: "We do know the saloon in the Bronx in which Rose and the others who led Tom Sharkey's went. The information was given to us by The Evening World reporter. In the interest of justice we shall not make this place known at present."

It was reported at Police Headquarters this afternoon that two squads of Headquarters detectives, ten in each squad, had under close observation two men who could be laid by the heels at any moment, but who are allowed to run free in the belief that they would incriminate themselves more freely when not under arrest.

ROSE HELD WITHOUT BAIL AS SLAYER.

Rose was arraigned before Coroner Feinberg, charged with homicide, and committed to the Tombs without bail. Detective David Wilbur submitted to the Coroner an affidavit, stating that Rose had admitted being in the company of the murderers of Rosenthal immediately before the crime and that he was at Forty-third street and Sixth avenue, half a block away, when the killing was being done at the New Metropole Hotel.

James M. Sullivan, counsel for Rose, said that he would put in no technical objections. Coroner Feinberg warned Rose that anything he said would be used against him and ordered him to be locked up.

Rose, tall, with a yellow fuzz no longer than rat fur covering his head, waited for the disposition of his case with untroubled eyes. Now and then he looked down over the smoothly pressed gray suit which covered his lean form and whisked away imaginary flecks of dust.

ROSE UNRECOGNIZED BY POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

Rose, according to Deputy Commissioner Dougherty, surrendered himself voluntarily, though with strong police pressure urging him on. Yesterday it was reported to District-Attorney Whitman—who is now said to have retained the W. J. Burns agency to aid him in the case—that Rose had left town and was in hiding. Mr. Whitman relayed this report to Police Headquarters.

Mr. Whitman was out all last night; he did not say where he had been, but the impression was given out at his office that he had been persuading Rose, through underworld channels, to give himself up. Deputy Commissioner Dougherty said that the appearance of Rose was due to messages sent to him by the Deputy Commissioner through Sam Paul, the east side gang leader and gambler, whose name has been connected with the Rosenthal murder. Still another story was to the effect that Mayor Gaynor had

WATCH! WAIT!

You will soon have an opportunity to sit in the cool of your home or office and take a picturesque trip, as it were, into a great number of the most attractive apartments of New York for early in August there will be printed for FREE distribution at The World's Main and Branch Offices.

The World's Fall Renting Guide for 1912

a big and comprehensive volume in which will be set forth and described many of New York's finest apartment houses which you see advertised from day to day in the Morning and Sunday World.

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